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A REVISION.

How fresh in my mind are the scenes of my girlhood,
As keen recollection presents them to view—
The kitchen, the woodshed and knots of green firewood,
And all the hard work I had then to go through;
The bread I must knead out and doughnuts to fry brown,
The pies for the threshers and town-folks so swell,
The clothes I must rub out with pounder and wash-tub,
The leaky old wash-tub, remembered so well;
The wash-tub, the wash-tub, the iron-bound wash-tub,
The back-breaking wash-tub that sat on the well.

The cows I must milk ere the breakfast was ready,
The beds I must make ere the dinner begun,
The dishes to wash when the men folks were resting—
Sure man's work oft ceaseth, but woman's ne'er done—
The floors I must scrub hard, and bags I must patch up,
The stockings to darn; all the tasks none could tell
How oft in my dreams I am doing big washing
With a leaky old wash-tub, remembered so well;
The wash-tub, the wash-tub the iron-bound wash-tub,
The back-breaking wash-tub that sat on the well.

The old worn-out vessel, I now think with pleasure,
Has gone where it will never trouble me more;
I view in its stead now, with exquisite pleasure,
Machines which prevent the old backaches of yore;
Although long removed from that hard situation,
Few tears of regret do intrusively swell
When fancy reverts to my father's old farmhouse,
With soft-soap-streaked wash-tub way out on the well,
The wash-tub, the wash-tub, the iron-bound wash-tub,
The back-breaking wash-tub that sat on the well.

—*Christian at Work.*

BUNKO ON SHIPBOARD.

A Game Often Played on Raw Naval Recruits.

MISTAKES will happen. A number of sailors had assembled at the usual place in Chicago, but the cap'n, for some unknown reason, was absent. The lubber was on deck, however. As this was a rare opportunity for some one to start and finish a story, provided the cap'n hung back long enough, it was suggested that Watkins tell one.

"Well," said Watkins thoughtfully, "I don't know any good ones, except about a drunk barber I got afoul of in 'Frisco. I was doin' some work on the vessel's stern alongside the dock when this drunk barber comes bowlin' along and wants to bet me $10 that he could stand with his heels on the string piece of the dock, turn a back somerset out over the drink and land back on the deck again without wettin' his hair. I'de never set eyes on the chap before, and didn't know but what he might be a acrobat. So I says——"

"How did you know he was a barber?" asked the lubber.

This question brought Watkins up with a round turn. He looked rather foolish for a moment, and then said:

"I wasn't exactly sure he was a barber, but I alwas puts these shore folks down for somethin' or other. The cut of this fellow's jib made me think he was a barber, and I had him so fixed in my mind."

"I told him I didn't want to make no money on him or his acts, so he said he would turn a flip-flop anyhow. Pulling off his hat and coat he backed up to the edge of the dock and made a——"

"Speaking about bunko-stearers always reminds me of a shipmate I once had named Ward," remarked the cap'n, who had turned up and quietly slid into a seat next to Watkins.

An involuntary groan escaped Watkins as the skipper's voice smote in his ears. He was just warming up to his work, but when the interruption came he lost all interest and muttered something about some people he knew always cutting in across another fellow's bows when he had the right of way.

"I'm not kicking about anybody in particular that I know of," said the cap'n, looking hard at Watkins, "but it does make me tired to be round where one windy man wants to do all the talking himself. Still if a man wants to talk, why, for God's sake, go ahead and talk. That's all I've got to say." And the cap'n gazed moodily into the water.

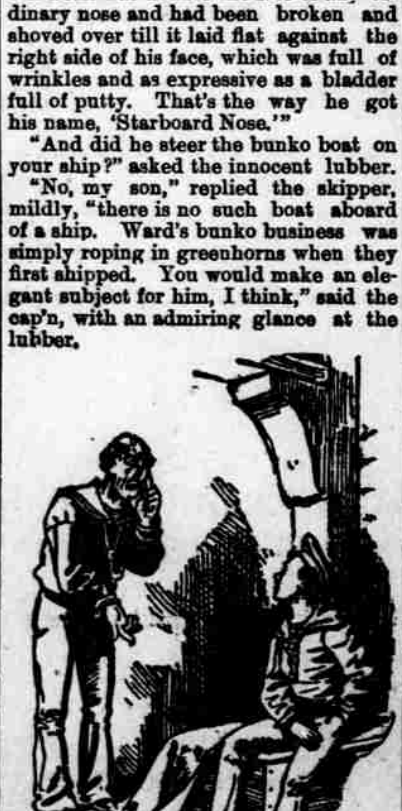
Watkins commenced to whistle a nameless tune; the other sailors winked at each other, and it looked as though the party was going to break up when the lubber came to the rescue with:

"I say, cap'n, what did you say Ward's first name was?"

"He had no front name that anybody ever heard of," replied the cap'n, brightening up. "All hands called him 'Starboard Nose' or 'Old Ward.' He was over 80 years old and had been a sailor longer than he could remember. His beak was double the size of any ordinary nose and had been broken and shoved over till it laid flat against the right side of his face, which was full of wrinkles and as expressive as a bladder full of putty. That's the way he got his name, 'Starboard Nose.'"

"And did he steer the bunko boat on your ship?" asked the innocent lubber.

"No, my son," replied the skipper, mildly, "there is no such boat aboard of a ship. Ward's bunko business was simply roping in greenhorns when they first shipped. You would make an elegant subject for him, I think," said the cap'n, with an admiring glance at the lubber.



"I first met Ward in the old guardship Independence in the navy-yard at Mare Island, California. She was an old dismantled man-of-war with a roof built over her and was used as a recruiting station for the United States Navy. Here the sailors were kept until assigned to a sea-going ship and sent out on a cruise. Ward was a quartermaster aboard the guard-ship and divided his time equally between keeping a sharp lookout for pirates and skinning greenhorns out of their advance money.

"When a raw, story-book sailor enlisted he was given an outfit of sailor clothes which didn't fit him. Ward would skirmish round and get the job of altering the clothes at so much per alter. He also sold caps of his own make, which would blow overboard the moment the recruit stuck his head above the rail. The caps were $1.75 each.

"Among other things the recruit was given a bed, consisting of a hair mattress, a double blanket, and a hemstitched hammock of four-ounce canvas six feet long, four feet wide, and with twelve eyelet holes in each end. Along with the outfit came a hank of clew stuff—heavy cord—and a thirty-foot rope for lashing the hammock. It was quite a trick to cut the clew lines and rig them in the eyelets and rings so that the hammock would hang right when slung to the hooks. Old Ward was always on the lookout for this job, for which he charged fifty cents. Sometimes he would strike a bull-headed lubber who thought he was smart enough to sling a hammock himself. In a case of this kind Ward would reason kindly with the imaginary sailor, placing particular stress on the ridiculously low price for which he offered to do the job and the neatness with which it would be done. If he gave in then all was well, and if he didn't Ward knew how to fix him.

"Dropping off to one side the crafty old tar would wait until the hand-me-down sailor had slung his hammock. Nine times out of ten it was a rickety, bungling, lopsided job that would make a sailors heart ache. In spite of his bigotery the lubber could see that something was wrong, but he didn't know what it was. This was where 'Starboard Nose' bore down on his victim. Placing his grizzled paw affectionately on the young man's shoulder he would begin in a tremulous voice:

"'My lad, sixty-five years ago I was a bright and handsome boy like you, but I was raised a pet, which made me willful and headstrong. So I ran away from my ma and shipped in the navy. When I first went aboard the ship they gave me a hammock just like that, and a kind-hearted sailor offered to sling it for fifty cents. But I rudely repulsed him and slung the hammock myself. That night it broke down and—and—'

"Here the old cuss would place his finger alongside of his battered nose and burst into tears. With one wild glance at that hideous beak the startled youngster would haul out fifty cents and Ward would tackle the hammock."

"Is that the way he really hurt his nose?" asked the lubber.

"Naw; got drunk and fell head first into a shot locker."

ATCHISON GLOBULES.

IT is a sign of weakness to look for sympathy.

IN a flirtation, each party to it thinks he is fooling the other.

BE true to yourself, and the world will be compelled to be true to you,

A TRUTHFUL person is never gaining victories; a liar is forever losing them.

THE faith we have in others never rises above the doubts we entertain of ourselves.

THE pity of most people is like a garment: assumed and laid aside at convenience.

BEFORE offending a man, it will be well to remember that enemies have wonderfully good memories.

A WOMAN never appreciates the little influence she has with the men until she has married one of them.

THE man has the least regret to-day who was most conspicuous for keeping his mouth closed yesterday.

SIN is too often painted in bright blues and red, and Religion is too often attired in dull drab and browns.

WOMEN know men better than men know each other; probably for the reason that it is women who marry them.

IT is a very rare man who can defend one of his sins without disclosing other sins that will have to be defended.

A WOMAN never appreciates until she gets sick, how much greater her mother's love for her was than her husband's.

MEN, as a rule, are furiously jealous of their wives. But there never was a man who would admit that his wife had a right to be jealous of him.

Newspaper Ethics.

Great Editor—"Did you write a nice article welcoming the new paper, the *Daily Breeze*, to local journalism?"

Assistant—"Yes, sir."

"Hope you said there was plenty of room for it, and it had only to deserve success to achieve it."

"Yes, sir."

"Worked in something about 'the more the merrier,' eh."

"Yes, indeed. Didn't forget that."

"All right. Tell the foreman to double lead the article and put it in a conspicuous place; then tell the business manager to quietly take advertisements at half price, and bribe all the newsboys to refuse to handle the *Daily Breeze* on any terms.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

IF you think nobody cares for you, just stand up at the circus. You will be surprised at finding how many people will take an interest in your upsitting and downfall.

Barnum as an Advertiser.

The late P. T. Barnum was unquestionably the greatest advertiser that the world has yet produced. Some of his methods were more or less objectionable, in spite of their pronounced success, but as a general thing, they were the result of much practical experience, and represented excellent business skill and judgement. It may be said that he reduced advertising to a science. He made a close study of all its features, and invested his money for such purposes with a distinct and well-disciplined conception of the benefits to be derived therefrom. It was not his habit to let others tell him how to manage that part of his business. He did not have any dealings with advertising solicitors. They were politely informed when they approached him that he preferred to order in that line without their advice or corporation, just as he ordered everything else in the way of promoting the prosperity of his "greatest show on earth." They had nothing to tell him that he did not already know; and their importunities were a burden and a bore to him. He believed in the newspapers, but so far as he needed or desired their assistance, he sought it in a direct and systematic way, without the intervention of third parties.

There is a lesson in this for all business men who patronize a newspaper. The sort of advertising which yields the best returns is that which is done with a full understanding of different mediums, and with a clear sense of the best way to arrest the public attention and gain the public confidence. It is no longer sufficient to spend a given amount of money in a loose and miscellaneous way. Advertising has become an indispensable factor in the problem of business welfare. No trader can succeed without it; and no trader can succeed with it unless he applies it with proper sense and method. The time has gone by for selling goods through advertising of an awkard and inconsiderate description. It is to the merchant's interest, above everything else, to know how and where he can realize the most profit from money employed to interest the buying public in his wares and prices. He can better afford to neglect any other branch of his affairs than this one, for it is the one which involves most chances of gain or loss. Mr. Barnum comprehended the matter thoroughly, and made it pay to a remarkable extent. He may have been a humbug in some respects, but as an advertiser he did not deserve to be thus stigmatized. His practices for the most part in that important relation were sound, consistant and advantageous; and the business world owes him a debt of gratitude for his services in the development of an art that has come to be so useful and so wonderful.
—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A Horse With a Big Pull.

The proud owner of a valuable horse tells how he once lost $25 in a bet on that animal's ability. The wager was that the horse could pull a load of ten tons of hay out of the barn, the hay to be loaded on a long sled, the sled to be placed on the bare floor. "The sled was so long," said the man who is responsible for the story, "that it extended the length of the floor, so that the horse stood outside the barn doors when harnessed to the load. The horse pulled three times on the load and failed to start it. I had all confidence in that horse's ability to draw the load, but I paid over the amount of the wager. That night I had occasion to go around to the rear of the stable, and was surprised to learn that the underpinning of the building was not where it should be, and on further investigation discovered that a hook on the loose end of a binding chain on my load of hay had caught in the barn floor, and that the horse in his three pulls on the load had actually started the barn eighteen inches off its foundation. I didn't care so much about the trouble of moving my barn back into place (although it cost me two or three day's work) as I did to think I was such a fool as to pay over that money and give up so easily when I know that it was no trick at all for my horse to start anything he might be hitched to.
—*Mattison, (Me.) Bulletin.*

Not a Composer.

Winkle—I understand that the lady next to you is a fine musician.

Binkle—Eh?

"They say she composes."

"Great Caesar, no! She discomposes everybody in the flat."—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

REMARKABLE MIND-READING.

New Process Called Phychognosis Tested in London.

"Phychognosis" the London *Daily News* says, is the title which M. Guibal has adopted for a new and certainly very remarkable development of what is familiar to us under the name of the thought-reading process. The method adopted by Mr. Guibal may be briefly described, stating by way of introduction, that on Saturday afternoon he submitted to the severest and closest test to which it could be subjected to at the hands of an audience composed mainly of pressmen and members of the medical profession, among whom was Dr. Bond, of Westminster Hospital.

Miss Greville, M. Guibal's medium, is a young lady of prepossessing appearance, clad in flowing white robes. After mesmerizing his subject, M. Guibal collected from his audience a dozen pieces of paper, on which they had written their several requests. Then the seance began. M. Guibal never uttered a word. At a motion of his hand Miss Greville, whose eyes were undoubtedly closed, rose from her seat, descended the steps from the stage to the audience, and unhesitatingly made her way to a gentleman in the front row of the stalls, and, taking a piece of paper and pencil from his hands, wrote the figures 65.

She next, simply guided by M. Guibal's hand, though sometimes he was behind her and sometimes in front, but never close to her, went to a gentleman and took off his hat. Finding her way to another gentleman she felt his pulse. From another she took an umbrella, and gave three taps on the ground with it. She next took a pocket-book and selected a particular article, and from a card-case belonging to another gentleman she extracted three cards and gave them to him.

A well-known journalist had submitted a difficult task, which was to take his watch off the chain and place it in Captain Molesworth's pocket. This was done without any hesitation. Other things were set her to do upon the stage, all of which were performed to the absolute satisfaction of those who had demanded them. Throughout the whole seance there was no faltering or hesitation, no rushing about with the hand of the medium tightly pressed to the forehead by another person, and then, after a number of mistakes, hitting, by hook or by crook, upon the right thing at last. The accuracy of each divination was as astonishing as the readiness with which it was accomplished.

There was no questioning the bona fides of the audience. They were mostly all known to each other, and though they went in no unfriendly spirit of criticizing, they did their best to test M. Guibal's ability. The requests of the audience were only known to those who wrote them and to M. Guibal himself, and they were not announced until each demand had been satisfied.

Hints on Towels.

As to texture or quality, that must be a question of taste and means, but, if possible, have a generous supply, and of good size. One can rub much drier after bathing with an ample-sized towel than with a small, narrow one. While the first cost may be little more for the large-sized ones, they will last longer, and be much more satisfactory in the end. It will be an economy, too, to buy them in the winter, as most large stores have "clearing sales" then, when they can be had at a little above wholesale prices. Then they are more easily softened and whitened by being hung out to freeze in the cold weather. It is well to have roller towls in bathrooms and children's rooms, as well as in the kitchen. They are thus more easily kept in place, and are more evenly soiled than the separate towel. Children are very apt to leave a towel on the floor or washstand, or use one instead of a wash-cloth, but a roller towel is safe from all such neglect and misuse.

From long experience we find huckaback toweling wears longer than damask or the ordinary diaper toweling. Crash is also desirable, and as it comes in all grades can be utilized not only for bathroom but kitchen roller towels. Russian toweling is also desirable, as it wears well, is pleasant to the skin, and with its somewhat rough surface helps to keep the pores open. A hint as to dish towels: These are too often made of [illegible]. These when new will not wipe the dishes dry, and after washing are apt to retain a greasy smell. Time is saved by using those that are soft and somewhat fine. The silver linen, as it is called, that barred with blue or red, wears and washes very well and leaves no lint behind, and we believe it quite as economical as any.—*Orange Judd.*

He Got a Pointer.

Once when Judge W——, of the United States Supreme Court, reached Pittsburgh on circuit, a Mr. Wright entertained him. There was a case pending then in the Supreme Court which involved the values of two stocks. The decision was certain to make one of the stocks valueless and the other valuable. It was considered an even chance which way the decision would go. The lawyers had settled it in their minds that if Justice B——were to write the decision it would be in their favor. The justice was noted for writing long decisions. The majority of the men on the bench at that time wrote briefly. Justice W——was entertained at dinner at Mr. Wright's house. After the dinner, the host set out a bottle of fine old whisky. Under its glowing influence, Justice W——became companionable and good-natured. In the midst of conversation about the court and its work Mr. Wright said to Justice W——, mentioning the case in which he was interested: "I suppose," said he, "that the decision in that case will be a long one, there being so many points involved." "As long as the moral law, my boy," said the old justice as he smiled benevolently upon his host. That was all that he said upon the subject. Mr. Wright, however, knew from this remark that it was the particular justice who wrote long decisions who was preparing the one in this case. This gave him the cue for the decision, and he bought stock based on this judgment. It proved correct, and he gained exactly two hundred thousand dollars from the careless remark of the too amiable justice.

Bags for Home Use.

There are a great many bags used by the orderly housekeeper of to-day which old-time housekeepers would have considered unnecessary. The modern housewife is not afraid of being called "fussy." She is thoroughly orderly, if that is her inclination, and independent enough to adapt any means to her end. A laundry-bag is now a recognized necessity. It should always be made of some material that is color-proof as well as strong. One of the best goods is awning cloth in blue and white or red and gray stripe. This cloth may be repeatedly laundried without losing color. A bag that holds soiled clothes should be washed at least every two weeks. Shoe bags may be made of awning cloth, gray linen canvas or pretty color-proof chintz. Cheap cretonnes do not wash well, and are therefore of no value for bags. A very pretty way of making a shoe bag is in a succession of full, puffy pockets gathered at the top on a braid, which is tied in a close bow when the bag is in use, but may be let out when the bag is laundered. A very pretty bag is made of a cream chintz, figured with paroquets in gay plumage, or bright tulips, or any odd design, and bound with pale blue or red braid.

A Horse With a Mustache.

There may be seen at the corner of Montgomery avenue and Kearny street at frequent intervals during the day a horse that would make a comfortable living for its owner if placed on exhibition in a dime museum. Neither horse nor master, however, seems to be imbued with a desire for fame, and the latter is content apparently to serve out his day at his allotted task of drawing an express wagon about the city.

He is an ordinary-sized gray horse, with a most amiable cast of countenance and with nothing remarkable about him except the possession of a large and well shaped mustache. The latter is kept carefully trimmed and brushed by the owner of the horse, but the possessor of this unusual appendage seems to pay but little attention to it. He has never been known, at least, to stroke it as men do, but watching him closely it may be observed that he eyes it occasionally in a critical sort of way.

He is 6 years old, and was born in Mexico; but so far as can be learned, he is the only member of his family who has ever been blessed with either mustache or wiskers. On the contrary, his father's lip was without [illegible] of a hair, and his mother, of [illegible] stranger to such a [illegible] —[illegible] Call.